
Title: Revival, Pt. 1.

Author: Treadeau Du'rome

Forward:

An excerpt from my
personal journal after my
disappearance as Mayor
of Caina.

“From your flesh, I gain
strength.

From your bones, I gain
sustenance.

For your love I live.

For your sanity I die.

For your treachery, you
gain death.

For your beauty, you gain
immortality.

Forever shall you be
bound to me.

Revival. Revival. Revival.”

His head cleared. He
remembered nothing.

Cloak tattered, doublet
ruined, boots soiled. This
will not do and is
thoroughly unbecoming. If
he could see himself he
would not recognize his
own countenance, as his
face was thoroughly
haggard, gaunt, his clothes
ruffled from seeming
years of use.

He sighed heavily; his
associates would say this
was his most used action.

Sighing at good news,
exhaling stiffly at bad
news and only when
engaged by a new act of
devilry and debauchery
would he gain his dreadful
vivacity.

This time was like the
last time, the time
before that, and it will

happen again in the future he thought. Oh yes, he would stake his fortune upon it happening again. He lost awareness completely and all that was left were mental images of deeds done. Perhaps part of his conscious still lurked in this realm but he recalled very little of it. He had been somewhere else.

As he sighed he stumbled through the forest and saw trees, the landscape was covered in tree. Yes, majestic trees and most as large as a peasant's hovel surrounded by the most serene wildlife nature could imagine. He knew his location and it was Yew. Oh yes he was always drawn back to Yew his once home. Always back to the place where he arrived in this shard of reality when it began.

"The Abbey is that way." He said adjusting his keen sense of direction with the hanging sun and pointing a ruined black leather glove.

"Perhaps its time to pay Sheryl a visit" he spoke in a pronounced stage actors voice to the chirping animals.

"Sheryl, yes my dear Sheryl of Jhelom. If I have not been gone long, Sheryl will do just fine. Yet, first things are first and lets insure that the avaricious little monks of the Empathy Abbey have not foreclosed on my account."

He trudged slowly and

surely towards the Abbey
trying to regain his
proper balance and
cognizance. He began
reciting lines of poetry
as he walked trying to
regain his meticulous
command of the spoken
language:

“Feed us, come to us,
we are your children.
You are Our Beauty.
It is Our Garden...

We shall behold the
Savage Garden with all of
its carnal Beauty.
We shall walk the
gardens crimson lawns to
the Plutonian shores.
We shall approach the
apex of the Beauty at
the pinnacle of Night.

Feed us, come to us, we
are your children.
You are Our Garden...
It is Our Beauty.

It shall scream to us
with its lecherous cries.
It shall teach us the
cries of hopes bludgeoned
and of dreams destroyed.
It shall see pleasure in
experiences shattered.
It shall beckon us within
and we turn to embrace
its knowledge.
It shall give us its
erudition and we are now
its children.

Feed us, come to us, we
are your children.
You are Our Beauty.
It is Our Garden...

We Your Children cannot
hide from the Immolation
of the Light.
We Your Children shall
have our Bells Immolated.
We Your Children shall
have our Garden
Immolated.
We Your Children shall

have our Beauty
Immolated.
We Your Children have
been chosen to Die by
Immolation.
We Your Children must
sup from the Cup now or
face Immolation of
Damnation later.

Feed us, come to us, we
are your children.
You are Our Garden...
You are Our Beauty...

We are Its Children..."

As he finished the last
line, he noticed that he
was within the confines
of the Yew Abbey. In
the only part of the
Abbey, he found delightful;
a memory flooded back to
him as he remembered
that the wine here was
quite putrid. At least
the monks had sense of
enough to dedicated part
of it to money changing.

He then realized that he
was performing at the
top of his lungs and his
clamor along with his
appearance was causing a
commotion. He sighed
and immediately picked up
his more energetic
attitude of old. He
tipped his battered and
holey hat then giving a
courtly flourish of a bow
to a striking group of
women at arms.

As he rose from this
most dramatic gesture his
was met with the visage
of a monk, "Excuse me
sir. I must explain to
you that if do not have
business within the
confines of this building
you will have to leave."

"Wonderful, wonderful,
just the sort of man I

wanted to see. Right down to business, focused, determined, and insightfulness are among his virtues.” He said with a mischievous grin.

“My business goes as follows:” he took a dramatic breath, “My name is Treadeau Du’rome- Vile Bishop of the Ebon Skull, once Mayor of the City of Caina, occasionally necromancer and a peruser of the fine arts.”

He tried to let the full weight of his own self-importance impress the dutiful monk but he merely received a confused stare.

Treadeau continued quickly after finding his arrogance and wit was unappreciated.

“You will find in one of your many safety deposit chests one with my name with a considerable amount of gold and some of my personal effects. Fetch it for me. Quickly at that!”

He gave a resounding clap that silenced the chattering in the Abbey.

After considerable hassle with the monk, he had seen that all his items were in place. He withdrew the proper amount of money, his magical equipment, and a small chest full of paint pigments and brushes.

“Now to visit my very dear Sheryl... My wonderful little tailor who has undoubtedly ran back

to the little home I
bought her abandoning me
and my own needs”, He
said mockingly.

He opened his personal
rune book of locales his
eyes flashing from page
to page. It must be
here somewhere. He
found it soon after and
began chanting the words
of power which would
take him to the marked
destination...

Continued in Part II.